The
COMMONWEAL

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What We Are Aiming at

THE principal article in this issue of THE COMMONWEAL is the result of a careful study of the problem of race relations in America, based upon thorough investigation as well as interviews with Negro leaders, government officials, and life-long students of the subject. With its general tenor the whole editorial staff concurs. It will be followed by other, more specific studies of current problems in the field. It states what we believe to be the only *attainable* goals for the next several years: a fair proportion of Negro employment at *all* wage levels, from top to bottom, and the establishment as a universal American practice of "equal pay for equal work." In its analysis, be it said parenthetically, this article deals with the whole broad history of techniques to improve race relations, not specifically with Catholic techniques. The Catholic effort has in general been wise and good, but so limited in scope that it has thus far counted for little in the mass. This is a sad commentary, for Catholics above all are committed to the principles of justice and brotherhood, under God.

Something further needs to be said about other goals, which we do not in any way abandon, but which we believe can only be achieved after the passage of many years and after the immediate goals stated above are accomplished facts. These other goals need preaching, in and out of season, but never at the expense of active work for justice in Negro employment and wages.

The end of segregation. We believe that the principal reason for segregation is economic. The miserable standard of living which has hitherto been characteristic of Negro life accentuates social differences and tends to make the Negro repulsive to the white; this is especially true in our secular civilization where material standards count for so much and spiritual principles for so little. Make it possible for the Negro to maintain a decent home, to acquire an education, to find recreation along more conventional lines, and you will gradually decrease the feeling against association with him. Many other American minorities, while poor, have gone through periods of segregation; improved economic status has automatically dissolved these ghettos. If there exists a natural antipathy based on color—and we don't believe there does—there is no reason for vastly magnifying antipathy through economic injustice.

Political equality. This largely exists in the North; the South will have none of it because (a) white Southerners fear a recurrence of "carpetbagger" days, fear Negro intolerance and injustice toward whites, and (b) Southern politicians capitalize upon this fear in order to keep all the plums for themselves. Again, we believe that improvement in economic status can gradually produce community pressure to right this wrong.

Social equality. It depends what you mean. If you mean that the Negro should enjoy every right enjoyed by any other American by virtue of his citizenship, well and good. If you mean the right to make a nuisance of yourself, to walk around with a great big chip on your shoulder, we are against it. But here again economic status plays a tremendous rôle, for low status can sap that sense of responsibility upon which the enjoyment of civic rights is, in the end, always based.

These other goals, then, we heartily support, but we believe they can be attained only after long years of effort and after a change in the Negro's economic status. If quicker methods are urged, the result will be to inflame passions, to create hatred of the Negro where there has been none before, to court bloodshed.

Now is the time to work on job justice. Labor is short. Unions will listen to reason; employers will listen to reason. We have a real chance, a practical chance to set up a new pattern, a pattern which might even extend to the Army and Navy, as well as to industry and commerce. As one wise old Negro woman remarked, "I hate to say it, but I hope this war lasts twenty years, for the sake of my people."

With all this must go something else. Charity, as Saint Paul used the word; love, devotion, hard

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work on the part of all men, white or colored, who long to see our country more nearly approximate a land of justice—justice to all, and in every sphere.

Harvest and the New Crop Goals

THE SUMMER was good and now it looks as if American food production will be slightly greater than last year's record harvest. To give thanks for such bounty is not to overlook grave shortages in feed and dairy products or the highly unsatisfactory cattle situation. It is rather to attest our wartime producing powers in field as well as factory despite the heaviest obstacles. Nor does this fact in any way refute the Food Advisory Committee's highly critical report to Secretary Wickard which included a warning on the danger of "downright" hunger here.

The American people have now begun to feel the pinch of various shortages, although there is no widespread hunger on these shores. To our increasing needs must be added the desperate plight of the French and Belgian children and people throughout the European continent generally, while current reports of locusts in China constitute another sad reminder. What can be done to meet this vast demand? Can America become the breadbasket of the world? Obviously not.

Yet the United States, because of a huge foodstuff potential and relative plenty at home, is entitled to a leading rôle in a food production and distribution that must be truly international to do the necessary job. The fact that the United Nations have already contracted for Argentina's extensive meat surplus for the next two years, with negotiations pending in Uruguay and Brazil, indicates real progress in the direction of sound collaboration. Since defeating starvation in the world is so largely a matter of following up immediate relief with the right kinds of seeds, fertilizer, agricultural and food-processing equipment, it obviously requires the most thorough planning on an international scale. And the immediate food needs are so great that production for the purpose must be allocated and coordinated. This is no time for waste.

Here in the United States, it would seem, 1944 crop goals should embody substantial reduction of cotton acreages in order to expand production of various staple foods. Cotton is one commodity of which huge surpluses have carried over. Considering the sugar-growing capabilities of the Caribbean region and the subsiding U-boat menace, other crops might well be substituted for considerable quantities of the sugar beets we raise in the West, uneconomically despite the low wages paid to Mexican labor. The striking advances recently made in dehydration of meats, milk, eggs, fruits and vegetables, plus the greater assurance we have that these cargoes (the equivalent of 3 to 5 times their bulk when water is added) will reach port safely, underlines the importance of the rôle of the United States in the vital international food program. It is on this basis that we must set up goals for 1944.

Involuntary Servitude

FOR many months schemes have been popping up in Congress to draft all citizens for whatever share in the war effort the authorities may choose to impose upon them. Hitherto the opposition to such schemes has been almost unanimous; certainly the Administration would have none of them. The current variation on this theme is the Austin-Wadsworth Bill providing registration for all adult Americans, male and female, and empowering Government, through the draft boards, to ship people all over the place, whether they like it or not, to make them give up their present jobs, take other jobs, and generally become slaves of Washington and private industry.

Rumors are now current that when Congress reconvenes the Administration will at least withdraw its opposition to this bill, if not actively ask for its passage. Evidently Mr. McNutt is tending that way. We are informed by the War Manpower Commission that hundreds of thousands of women are quitting defense plants, and that the "voluntary" system is failing; "National service legislation will have to be the answer." Such a shift in administration policy would be smart politics. Austin and Wadsworth are Republicans. If their Bill were passed and ended in failure, the blame would rest with them; if it were successful, the New Deal could take the credit.

We are adamantly opposed to the whole business. Labor is critically short in some spots, but it is also true that Mr. McNutt has not been the most successful administrator in Washington. He tells us women are quitting their jobs wholesale; the next day the New York *Times* surveys the country's leading production centers and finds the number of women employed is increasing steadily everywhere. He botches the war housing program in an abortive attempt to reduce migration; the result is social chaos. He doesn't open his mouth on the subject of underemployment in the South, thanks to the infamous "county agent" law pushed through Congress this spring by the farm bloc. He does nothing to limit the hours worked by women—according to labor unions the principal reason for disproportionate female absenteeism.

So we offer a far healthier solution of the manpower problem than the passage of the clearly fascist-totalitarian Austin-Wadsworth Bill—namely, to give Mr. McNutt the privilege of going home to Indiana and to replace him by someone with more readily evident political courage and common sense.

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"To Bomb, Burn, Destroy"

"THE simple, blunt and terrible fact is that fathers of young children have not been promised more than partial immunity from the draft, even if they take a war job, and their families are actually and literally being condemned to slow starvation. The alternative to slow starvation is for the mother to work in a war plant and the children to be dumped into state nurseries, a consummation devoutly wished for by every communist I have talked to in the past year. The other things, such as a law being used for a purpose it was not intended for, the lack of apparent necessity for drafting fathers, etc., all pale before the simple facts of imposed starvation and the destruction of the family.

"It seems to me that there is something very terrible in allowing the third page of THE COMMONWEAL to orate every week about poor France and poor Italy while you let a systematic attempt to destroy American family life pass unchallenged and even unnoticed."

All right, Mister, here we go right off again—about poor France, poor Italy. Your letter forces us to start it up all over again. About poor France, about poor Poland, about poor Italy, about poor Germany. Your letter gives us a measure to judge things by, accurately, logically, without drooling.

You are worried about children, family life (you say "American" family life, but presumably that is only a particular application of your interest in family life in general), you are worried about slow starvation, imposed starvation. We also are worried about these things. We both are worried about the same things. Only you worry about them where they may exist in the future and we worry about them where they exist in the immediate present. You worry about what a state of war may produce in America at some time in the future and we worry about what a state of war has already produced in Europe in the present.

War does not produce the same suffering everywhere, at the same time, in the same degree. The fathers of young children in America are not yet drafted. In Europe the fathers of young children everywhere for years now have been drafted; they have fought, thousands and thousands of them have been killed, thousands and thousands of them are in prison camps. In America it may become necessary for young mothers to go to work leaving their children in nurseries (when we get round to providing nurseries) in order that their children may not slowly starve to death. In Europe, for years now, no nurseries, no work, nothing whatever that can bring back to "family" life the Polish children wandering lost and starved in Russia, the French children buried already because they starved to death. In America there may be some problem as to what best may be done to aid the children whose fathers are called into the army. The state may have to intervene. The state may have to save the children. The state may have to create nurseries (if any religious groups want to help by redoubling their efforts to provide nurseries of their own, that would be a fine thing surely). The state may have to draft "young fathers"; the state may have to take care of their children; but to say that the action of the state in drafting soldiers and in taking care of children is a "systematic attempt to destroy American family life" is maudlin rhetoric.

To say that the policy of bombing cities, when technically it becomes ever more difficult to distinguish between military objectives and civilian lives, is coming rapidly to represent a systematic attempt to reduce whole populations to despair is—we fear—the simple truth. "To bomb and burn and ruthlessly destroy in every way available to us the people responsible for this war" is the way Mr. Brendan Bracken has defined this systematic attempt. The New York *Sun,* August 24, states editorially that "the pupil has learned how to surpass the master who taught him."

That is why it was "poor France," poor Rotterdam, poor Poland, poor London—when the "master" was at work; that is why it is poor Italy, poor Germany—now that the "pupil" has proved himself apt and willing.

It may be callousness on our part, but the plight of the children in San Francisco, in Chicago, in New York, the plight of their fathers who may be drafted "even if they take a war job," the plight of their mothers who may have to leave their children in nurseries while they earn good pay in factories, the threat of slow starvation in a land of plenty do not suffice to relieve our mind of a more compelling, a more immediate concern with the plight of the mothers, the children, the families under bombardment in Europe. The "systematic attempt to destroy American family life" does not constitute, in our view, as immediate a probability as the systematic attempt to "bomb and burn and ruthlessly destroy" the "people" of Milan, of Naples, of Berlin whether or not, in fact, they are "responsible for this war."

We wish that we could make it clear that it is not a question of where we should weep the most. It is not a question of looking at the threat to the American family and weeping a little and then looking at the disaster which is overtaking the European family and weeping a little more. To us it is not a question for emotion. It is a question of policy. It is a question of deciding whether or not we are willing to support the policy stated by Mr. Brendan Bracken. We are not.

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Dawn Is a Long Way Off

Why a new approach is necessary for both Negro and white America

By **Harry Lorin Binsse**

EVENTS in Detroit and Harlem, and minor incidents in Beaumont and Mobile and Baltimore and scores of other towns and cities, have at least served one good purpose. They have forced all Americans to look upon and acknowledge the existence of real tensions between Negroes and whites, and they have led some people to try to probe beneath the surface of these tensions. For too long this question has been unreal. For too long Americans have been divided into three general classes, as far as this disease in the body politic is concerned. The largest class of all has been those who cared little and did less, but subscribed to the vague and half-formulated prejudices appropriate to their social groups. Then there has been the class of people who were forced by circumstances to be aware of the trouble, and acted on the basis of accepted or developing axioms of dislike for those whose skins were darker or lighter. Finally, there have been the "friends" of the Negro, the "professional" Negroes, people working together, and working hard, for justice. In a general way THE COMMONWEAL has followed the line of this latter group. In *principle* this line has been and still is sound; the Negro has had a rotten deal; he has been exploited and held down and shoved around. He has been lynched and beaten up and despised. Since the weight of injustice he has borne is clearly the fruit of white cruelty and indifference and greed, what all justice-loving people must fight for is redress for the Negro.

As I have said, this general approach to the problem is based upon historic truth and betokens nothing but good will. For two generations it was probably the best approach; for decades after the Civil War the status of the Negro was such that one could do little else. If occasionally Negroes themselves, in strict justice, deserved to share the blame for a specific episode, charity and political wisdom required silence, since no good purpose could be served by one's trying to minimize, or by one's furnishing grounds for offsetting white blame. Think for a moment of the East St. Louis, Illinois, riot during the first World War. White people drove thousands of Negroes out of their dwellings and massacred some 200 of them. W. E. B. Du Bois and his National Association for the Advancement of Colored People investigated, and staged a tremendous "silent protest parade" in New York, in which some 15,000 Harlem people marched down Fifth Avenue in quiet and in mourning. As members of the armed forces, during that war, Negroes were subjected to humiliation, slander and occasional violence. (Our record this time is only sporadically better, and since more men are under the colors, the aggregate effect is much worse.) In the years between the world wars, we saw a series of lynchings and discriminations, and the only effective propaganda against them seemed to be a propaganda of protest, a propaganda for justice.

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But all during these years certain things were happening and certain things were not happening, and both the things which happened and the things which did not happen were gradually changing the picture. The new picture lies behind Detroit and Harlem; yet so little conscious have most of us been of this new picture that we do not yet see it clearly. All we know is that Detroit and Harlem have made us aware that there is a new picture, and have made us realize that in the interests of our country a new propaganda, a new approach is needed.

I do not say that new ends are needed. The ideal to which all politics must tend is justice. That is a principle. That principle does not change. The weight of injustice is historically so vastly greater against the Negro that it would be vicious suddenly to begin to imply that maybe whites need not trouble their consciences quite so much any more, to begin to say, "Of course in the long run we are to blame, but they too must share the blame." That is not the point. The point is that we have reached the place where we no longer achieve anything simply by shouting justice, justice—when there is no justice. From now on we can no longer honestly talk that language. The new language is a harder language. A language harder to learn and harder to speak. It is a specific language where the old language was vague, a considered language where the old language came from the heart. We must still speak from the heart, but we must also and always speak from the head. Pascal's ancient

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battle has spread to a new domain, one of the few domains in which man's ill-treatment of man had for a time almost absolved us from that conflict.

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I am seeking, then, to do two things. To describe the new picture as best I have been able to perceive it, and to perceive it through many eyes other than my own. These eyes in most cases are the eyes of men better informed than I, but men whose lips are sealed in the legitimate fear that if they spoke, they would, because of their position, increase passion rather than allay it. A journalist can speak for himself and sometimes do good by saying what he says, whereas a public servant might say even less and precipitate war between nations.

So the primary purpose of these paragraphs is to sketch out the new picture; the secondary purpose is to sketch out a new program for achieving the same ends as we have always hoped and dreamed. I shall speak as frankly as I know how, and I pray that readers, Negro and white, will look upon what follows as being written with no venom whatever and from no change in conviction, but rather in the interest of seeking a way out of an ugly situation, which has been with us since the first slave ship arrived in Virginia, but which is perhaps an uglier situation today than it has ever been. One's hope must lie in an analogy. Many human illnesses of the body and of the mind progressively grow worse from the first symptom of onslaught until crisis is reached. Sometimes the crisis is a forerunner of death; more often today it is a forerunner of convalescence. In this illness of white and Negro in America we are at the threshold of crisis. We have no sulpha drugs, we have no penicillin to drag the fever down. The best we can do is to look at the disease as a doctor would look at it. Perhaps we shall get a hint of how to prevent the crisis from leading to death.

Now that the clamor has abated, what happened in Detroit and Harlem seems somewhat clearer. The puzzle can be pieced together from all the evidence there is available. But in doing this, a clear distinction must be made between background and foreground. All the reports tell us that there was "tension." This tension is the background. The little things which ignited the tinder, which exploded the charge are the foreground. And before one can understand the foreground, the action of the play, one must understand the background.

The background of racial tension is a vast thing, and one could write a library of books before one exposed the whole of it. It includes the development of racial self-consciousness, Marcus Garvey, the Ethiopian War, a thousand incidents. Yet we need not fully elaborate it for the purpose in hand. The reason is simple; most Americans are vaguely aware of the older areas of the background, and they may be taken for granted. It is the freshly painted portions of the canvas which we must scrutinize, and they have been painted principally during the last three years. Since 1940 the war has already effected changes in American life so deep and so vast that they almost amount to a revolution. We read about them in detail and day by day, and so we slide along with them and do not realize their import. Even the United States Government is unable to give an accurate picture of them.

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We know, of course, that some 9,000,000 men have been uprooted from their homes and have been welded into a new social group, the Army and Navy. We know that millions more people—here there are no figures, even approximate—have left their homes in one place and moved to another place because of jobs in war industry. The last three years have consequently seen a population shift greater than any other in the history of our nation. And vast migrations of this sort, especially when they are rapid, have a profound effect upon community life. At best, and with the most brilliant planning possible to the human mind, they mean housing shortages and overcrowded transportation systems and inadequate recreational facilities. They mean these things to everyone, Negro and white alike. But they have a special meaning for Negroes, since it is a general practice in America to have Negroes live in special sections of their own and often to use special transportation and recreation facilities of their own. When a social group is restricted to certain areas in a given city, where it has become more or less stable in size, the sudden influx of a great number of new persons into that group creates far worse bottlenecks than an equivalent influx of people into the non-restricted population.

Another thing has happened. All sorts of Americans are today making more money than ever before. This is particularly true of Negroes, for the pressure of labor shortages has put them in a more favorable employment-bargaining position than they have ever been in since they were first free to bargain. This in turn has magnified their housing and recreational wants as compared to the wants of whites, because, as a group, they were more depressed before their present relative prosperity.

All of this is abstract. To realize what these abstractions really mean, one must try to make them concrete. Visualize an extreme case. A Negro has lived all his life in a slum area in a

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Northern city. After leaving school, the best employment he could get would probably not yield him over six to ten dollars a week, and much of the time he had no employment, lived with his family on relief. Comes the revolution. The labor market is a seller's market. He is young and can learn a skilled trade, and in time gets a job in a war plant as a union member receiving pay equal to that earned by equally skilled white workers—perhaps as much as $50.00 or $60.00 a week—or more. He is still living in a slum, but he is making enough to live in decent quarters in a decent neighborhood. He is still living on a slum standard, and his pants pockets are stuffed with money. What will he do?

Of course it depends on his character, his tastes, his education. In most cases he will try to improve his standard of living. But the first step in effecting any such improvement is to move to new quarters. There are no new quarters. He may try to edge into a depressed white area. If he succeeds, he angers the whites, since those who are still living in the area feel that the value of their property is threatened by the unwelcome "interloper." Remember that these are no white capitalists, but white working people who often have put their life savings into the property they now see threatened.

But suppose the young Negro is content with his slum existence, or else cannot succeed in finding a better home of any sort. He still has money in his jeans. Perhaps he starts a savings account. But because of war conditions, he can't *buy* much of anything with it—except liquor and dissipation and a fancy zoot suit. He gets drunk and rowdy and objectionable, and again he angers the whites who see him thus disporting himself. Of course exactly the same kind of thing can happen to a white man, but it is less likely to happen because it is vastly easier for the white man to move up in status, to improve his standard of living as long as he has the cash to do it with.

There you have the picture in Detroit, in Pittsburgh, in Buffalo, in Harlem, in Chicago, in almost any Northern industrial city. And that is how the tension comes to the breaking point.

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Some white boys shoved some Negro boys out of a park in Detroit. The Negro boys resolved to get even. Early in the evening of Sunday, June 20, they deliberately started a little rough stuff on Belle Isle Park. Rumors of what was going on quickly spread. In a crowded Negro night club a man who felt bitterly got to his feet and forced the attention of the several hundred persons present. "They're killing our brothers over on Belle Isle. Get a gun if you have one, get anything you can and let's get them." Real fighting started. Fighting by Negroes against whites. A handful of whites were killed, and it was plenty hot in some Negro sections—so hot the press photographers kept well out of it. Besides, it was dark anyhow, so why bother. Next day the cards were turned. This time hell really broke loose; it was white retaliation against Negroes, and some thirty of them were killed, largely by police. Lots of pictures were taken and lots were published. Some were not. Immediately before all this, there had been militant talk—justice talk—on the part of respected Negro leaders. They were preaching the old line. They wanted justice, just as any Christian would want them to have justice. But they forgot the young man with money in his jeans and no place to go. They forgot that even asking for a deserved justice can under some circumstances produce greater injustice.

There was a background of deliberate incitement also, just as there was a background in Harlem and in many other places. Since the last war a generation of Negroes—intellectuals and crackpots alike—had been attracted to all sorts of revolutionary parties because here alone they saw salvation. There were the wild "nationalists." There were the more orthodox radicals. Thus every shade of Marxism preached race equality, and every shade of Marxism looked like a new Promised Land. Some tried one and stuck to it. Some tried them all in turn. Some tried and were disillusioned. But a lot of them held to the revolutionary view that out of violence alone could their people come to Jordan. And these men have incited, knowing, most of them, what that incitement meant, knowing that it meant bloodshed, but not knowing that a small minority (less than ten per cent of all Americans) defined by the color of its skin can never carry through a successful revolution by force against a vast majority.

So there has been Negro incitement. In honesty it must be said that although Negro communists are reported to have had a hand in it, the Party, in its official action, has tried to prevent violence. This is particularly true in Detroit, where no disturbance took place in factories, even in factories where communist labor leadership was strong. The story is that orders from above were against any violence being allowed to break out. The incitement, then, seems to have emanated from two types of source. From respected Negroes in no way associated with "party lines," who did not realize that by hammering away at the old tune they were inducing a psychotic state of mind in their people, and from Negroes who have accepted as an article of faith their belief in violent revolution as the only salvation.

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Of course I have somewhat simplified this nar-

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rative. One has to simplify when one is dealing with so complex a matter as the tensions between peoples; one can only strive honestly not to distort as one simplifies. In Detroit and in Harlem, for instance, one supplementary element is the existence of considerable Negro anti-Semitism. Among other grievances, certain Jewish landlords who own desirable business property in Negro neighborhoods have refused to rent stores to Negroes, except for such things as barber shops, beauty shops and restaurants. They have seen a chance to make money by keeping other types of business for themselves, and they have refused Negroes any but menial employment; so we have, as a concomitant of rioting, looting of Jewish-operated stores—which, of course, quickly becomes just plain looting.

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Naturally it is the duty of civil authority to maintain peace and order. The maintenance of peace and order is a technical administrative problem, and a fairly simple problem in wartime. Administratively, several mistakes have been made. First, too many experienced policemen have been lost through the draft. Rookies may be all right for handling traffic or for pacing up and down a peaceful beat; they blow up in a riot. Remember what happened with the Massachusetts national guard during the Boston police strike. There seems little doubt that events in Detroit would have been less bloody had there been a higher proportion of qualified men available to handle the situation. The time has come when policemen who have worked at their jobs long enough to know them well should not be drafted. Then again all municipal authorities should be made conversant with the procedure required to call in the Army when a disturbance threatens to get out of hand. Finally, a coordinated governmental pattern should be established whereby every agency concerned, from the President down, can be called in when necessary, and can be kept fully informed at all times. It would seem that all three of these steps have been taken.

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What will happen when the social revolution which the war has produced begins as it were, to roll back? What will happen when the Negro girls who now have factory or office employment find that they must return to domestic service? What will happen when the skilled Negro in the war plant loses his job and can find nothing better than manual labor? A sudden advance in status is a dangerous thing for human morale; an equally sudden decline is even harder to bear. Luckily the Negro will not be the only one to suffer; unluckily, because of our folkways, he will probably be the first to suffer. We talk about the tension which now exists; we face a worse tension. This, above all, is why, while continuing to call for justice for the Negro, we must also make our demands specific and not let them turn into incitements. Unless we want bloodshed.

For this future and for the more distant future certain things at least seem essential. We must stick to the principle of jobs for Negroes and of equal pay for equal work. In many parts of the South this principle has for whites an appeal in an altogether different category from the old battle cries. It can act as the opening wedge. For it is an appeal which is so obvious, so immediate, that it evokes almost instant acceptance. Thus in one large Southern war plant, when white workers threatened to quit because Negroes had been "upgraded" and were thus on an equal wage footing with their white fellow workers, management averted trouble by placarding the bulletin boards with a poster:

THESE MEN

have BROKEN FAITH with America; have broken their solemn pledge to their government and their brothers in arms—have today left their jobs on the production lines of "Jones" Industries and

HAVE GONE ON STRIKE

(Here appears a list of names)

Remember their names. WHAT DO THEY WANT? NOT more pay. Not better working conditions. NOT greater security for the future. These men have broken faith because they protest the "Jones" policy of equal pay, equal working conditions, equal security (*not social equality*) for all workers, regardless of race, creed, or color. These men—remember their names—are not satisfied that "Jones" colored employees work on their own assembly lines, have their own rest rooms, recreational and other facilities . . . these men want us to reduce our colored employees to the level of *cheap labor*, want them to receive *less pay, poorer working conditions, little or no security for the future.* WHY?

While other Americans die to preserve democratic equality, these men seek to destroy it. REMEMBER THEIR NAMES!

A message from the thousands of "Jones" workers who are still loyally on the job.

Moreover, if this principle is maintained, if a reasonable proportion of Negroes continue to have jobs, it will mean that for the first time in our history a large body of Negroes will be steadily on an equal footing with whites to secure an equal amount of financial independence. The peacetime effects of this on housing, recreation, education are obvious. And in the long run, the psychological effects on political issues can be very great. The white primary, the poll tax, the lack of effective legal protection against lynch-

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ing—these things need to be fought continuously, but in this fight a powerful if unromantic ally is the economic betterment of the Negro—and an ally most of us talk about and neglect.

Housing, as I have said, is a vastly important matter for the welfare of the Negro, just as it is vastly important for the welfare of all our people. It is a shocking thing that our war housing program has been an abysmal failure, especially since the program could have helped decrease the troubles which have come to us as a result of our great war industry migration. The failure is largely blamable upon the War Manpower Commission. It has felt that if housing were not provided in a given city, no migration would take place and the necessary labor could be recruited from among housewives and others already there resident. The result has been purely negative. The housewives haven't seen it that way, the migrants have come in anyhow, and housing conditions have degenerated to the packing-box, pigsty level. Thus as of June 30, 1943, about 40 per cent of the war housing planned for the year '42-'43 had been started. The private program (290,000 units) was 35 percent underway; the public program (456,000 units) was 43 percent underway—and of this 43 percent, 90 per cent was behind schedule. It is to be remembered that critical materials had been allocated for all the projected units, and that, generally speaking, sufficient building trade labor was to be had. Certainly no part of the war effort is so bitterly disappointing.

Studies of Negro housing conditions are at present being conducted by the appropriate government agencies, and plans are in the air for various private "surveys." Why would it not be possible for the government to allocate some of the unused building materials reserved for war housing to the most acute of all our housing deficiencies — the lack of adequate homes for Negroes? Certainly to start such a program would be to cushion the war's after-effects upon Negro morale.

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So much for a few positive suggestions. There is a far more deep-seated trouble, and one which can only be cured by time and by the devoted efforts and honest counsel of Americans of every sort. This is a subject so delicate one dislikes to broach it, and yet it must be broached. It is the subject of what might be called the psychology of servitude. All peoples who have been subject peoples share in it. For a subject people invariably discovers the technique whereby it can best avoid the worst evils of its subjection. It learns to wheedle—and it learns to be sullen. At the same time, the "master" people expects the wheedling and the sullenness and condones them because it can write them off as a mark of childish inferiority on the part of the servile. Let anyone who looks upon the Negro as more childish than the the white attend a session of the House of Representatives or, better, go to an American Legion convention.

We have no conscious realization, however, of how deeply America accepts this psychological distinction between white and Negro. Some of our state laws, for instance, explicitly provide a smaller maximum penalty when a crime is committed by a Negro from that provided when the same crime is committed by a white. It is notorious that juries will "let a nigger off easy" because, being a "child," he is not responsible, and most of his victims are themselves only "niggers." This is one of the reasons for lynching; when a crime seems too "atrocious," the same psychology goes into reverse; a demand for compensation arises; the "children" must be given a "lesson," however bloody or unjust.

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The thing goes even deeper. Many Negroes themselves, at whatever level of intellectual or economic development, continue to practice "boot-black" wiles, with counterfeit courtesy and solicitude in their dealings with whites, or else glower and sulk. Rarely are they outspoken in such dealings. Even among themselves they often make excessive use of innuendo and inflection and private language. The origin of all this is clear enough. When you are a slave, you cannot be outspoken. You dare not deal frankly. For against the irritation of your master you have no recourse. And such tricks of behavior can become ingrained in a people or a social group to the extent that they long survive the reason for their existence and become in themselves irritants. Negroes sometimes refer to the wheedling technique as "diplomacy." It is high time a conscious effort were directed to eliminate diplomacy, without at the same time falling into the opposite evil of boorishness and sullenness, which leads straight to violence.

Now I know very well that the Negro cannot be expected to change these psychological characteristics without an equivalent change in the attitude of white people. Here again we are dealing with a case where the two races must work together, mutually eradicating attitudes which in the long run can only lead to tragedy. For the Negro to act as an adult, the white must recognize that he is an adult. Every assumption of responsibility by a Negro leader, every insistence upon Negro responsibility by the white community—painful as these may be in the individual case—will help clear the road to the justice we have so long demanded and have so far done so little to achieve.

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My Father

Chapter from an autobiography

By R. N. Coudenhove-Kalergi

I WAS SURE, as most children are, that I had the best parents in the world. My affection for both of them was based on respect: I loved them both, but I admired them still more. All the years of my childhood were dominated by my father, and today, after I have met great men of all nations, he lives in my memory as one of the most remarkable personalities of them all. Even as a child I knew that he represented my ideal of a man bold and kind, with a generous heart and perfect manners, bold by nature and peaceful by inclination, never lazy and never vulgar. As a devout Catholic he was deeply religious, but still extremely tolerant. A cosmopolitan by nature, he was wise as a sage, the friend of every evolution and of social progress and the implacable enemy of any brand of demagogy or fanaticism.

My father, Heinrich Coudenhove-Kalergi, inspired my life from its very beginning. I cannot remember when I did not want to resemble him and from earliest childhood I found him a model and an ideal. I still see him before me, tall and slender, with his quick and graceful movements, combining energy with harmony. I see his big, grey-blue eyes under a beautiful and high forehead over an aquiline nose. When he traveled, everybody took him for an Englishman; not only because his type was definitely English, but also much of his character and his attitude toward life.

Returning to Ronsperg in 1896, my father quickly became aware that sound administration of the family estates was impossible without his personal direction. This was the excuse for which he had been looking, and, although he was offered the post of Minister to Siam, he gave up the diplomatic career which his marriage had made so difficult to continue. This decision was of vital importance to us children. Our Japanese nurses, with whom we had exchanged our first words, were sent home; for, with this decision, my father had made up his mind that his children should not become cultural and intellectual hybrids, but should be given a purely European education. So we did not learn any Japanese, but instead German, English and French. I often wonder what would have become of me if my father had not made up his mind this way, or if he had died before we came to Europe. Then I might have grown up a Japanese child, educated in Japanese schools to be a Japanese patriot; and not only my mind and soul would have evolved differently, but my features as well. For every living being adapts himself unconsciously to his surroundings, and many Europeans who spend their lives in the Far East acquire Oriental features. So not nature but destiny made a European of me—which, I feel, prevented me from becoming a European isolationist, for it makes me ever conscious that even Europe is but a branch of the wider brotherhood of man which I have always considered my true nation and fatherland.

Within this wider world, which stretches beyond religions, races, and continents, my father began to educate us deliberately as Austrians, Christians and Europeans. From our early childhood he spent hours and hours with us children, acting as gay and natural as a child himself, personally giving us lessons in Russian and Hungarian and supervising our entire education. We lunched and dined with him and his guests, listening silently to their cultural and political conversations. Almost every day, even in rain and storm, he walked with us as he answered our childish questions about state and laws, life and religion. All his words impressed themselves deeply in my mind and later ripened to thoughts and actions, but more important than all their intellectual influence was his unforgettable example of a noble nature and strong character, of a genuine gentleman, which provided me with basic values for all my future life.

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My father's pedagogic principles were sound. Although he was thinking and writing about sainthood, he did not dream of educating us to be saints. All he asked was to make of us perfect gentlemen, and although his favorite book was the Imitation of Christ of Thomas à Kempis, he gave us Jules Verne's "Around the World in 80 Days" and recommended that we choose its hero, the English gentleman Phineas Fogg, as our model. He wished us to be such good shots and fencers that nobody should dare challenge us to duels. Despising soft and effeminate men, he wished to give us a spartan education, with mattresses of straw, cold baths and open windows at all seasons of the year and long daily walks in all weather. He himself was an example of this way of living; and he put great stress on our physical education. When a noted acrobat performed in Ronsperg, he tried to hire him for the supervision of our physical culture.

My father was against corporal punishment in principle, for he had suffered much of it in his youth; but he was such a passionate lover of truth that he still introduced "capital" punishment for three major crimes: for cruelty to animals, for theft and for lying. Altogether my father believed more in the capitalistic principle of rewards than in the primitive methods of punishments. He gave us books of poems in Greek and Latin, German, English and French, and for every poem we learned by heart he promised a specific sum of money, so we could always earn money by learning poetry. Another way of earning money was—to eat. As we were delicate children he wished us to put on weight, but without forcing us to eat beyond our appetites. He weighed us every Saturday, and if we had lost a pound we had to pay him from our

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modest pocket-money the equivalent of one dime; but for every pound we gained we received the same amount. As we were growing, the advantage was definitely on our side; but we had every reason not to eat too much, because an upset stomach meant a loss of weight and consequently a fine. Usually, when in want of money, I preferred to earn it by eating rather than by learning. But from this double method I retained a good health and the memory of poems that still give me great pleasure.

In spite of our youth father began to educate us in money-matters. We had to note every penny we spent. He warned us never to gamble, because his great-grandfather had gambled away his vast estates in the Netherlands and he was afraid that one of us might have inherited this disastrous passion. He taught us never to touch one's principal, with the one exception of spending it on the education of one's children, for education was but another form of capital. He said he would ask us to give him our word of honor before we were of age that we would never give a financial guarantee to anyone, for then we would always have a respectable and legitimate excuse to refuse if we were asked by friends to do so. He also said that we ought to lend money to friends in need, but never more than we were ready to lose, and to consider it as a happy surprise if we saw the money again. He also had us attend his weekly conferences with his managers, when he discussed the running of his estates, his woods, farms and industries.

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It is impossible to describe all the splendors of country life of an Austrian nobleman, living in his castle on a large estate in Franz Joseph's empire. Such a life united health with security, dignity, wealth, leisure and independence, giving ample opportunity to do much good to a whole region and, at the same time, govern a tiny kingdom of one's own without political responsibilities. Close contact with nature, its plants and animals, combined with all elements of real culture to make a beautiful, artistic and easy form of life. This was the life my father exchanged for his diplomatic career. And I believe that he never regretted replacing his ambition with independence, his eternal wanderings with the stability of a farmer.

After he had seen most of the world, he suddenly, at thirty-six, had enough of traveling, and began to feel that he had been losing the roots of his life in the wide world. Now he sought to find them again in his homeland, and this most active man was transformed into the most stable gentleman farmer, loving his castle of Ronsperg, every tree of its park, every hill of its forest. And he who had been a bachelor for so many years now became an ideal husband and father who considered every day spent away from his home and his family a day lost. Indeed, when he had to be away from Ronsperg for only a few days, to visit Prague, Vienna or Budapest, he gave orders to the governess to wire him daily reports on the children's health. Knowing how easy it was merely to wire "All children are well," he ordered that the text of these daily telegrams had to mention each child—"Hansey is well, Dicky is well, Rolfy is well," and so on in detail—for he knew that this would make it much more difficult to mislead him.

During the years he had been away from Europe, Heinrich had developed the utmost contempt for European society—for the ladies who were too fashionable to have children, who lived for social gossip and forgot that they were women who had to accomplish the natural duties of their sex. He hated the young men who thought of nothing but of racing and gambling and considered themselves superior to the other human beings who worked hard to earn their living. For political demagogues with their narrow-minded and empty party slogans he cared still less. Leo Tolstoy was the only aristocrat for whom he had an intense and profound admiration. Like Tolstoy, he wished to use his wealth, his independence and his knowledge to serve the human race and human progress.

He jealously defended his independence after he had left the diplomatic service, refusing any suggestion of running for parliament or taking his father's seat in the House of Lords. He even gave up his rank as captain of the Austro-Hungarian army when he decided to fight against the medieval custom of dueling. Always he wished to be entirely free to express unhampered his ideas and convictions.

But my father could not be a private citizen, though he would have liked it. Bohemia before the first Great War was legally a province of a democratic Empire; but socially the traditions of feudalism were alive throughout the country. Even without rank or function, my father was the first man of his district, with all the responsibilities and prerogatives attached to this position. Only sixty years before the peasants around had still been serfs, and the Count had the right to condemn them to be flogged. Now all citizens were equal before the law—in theory, but not in practice.

It was beyond any stretch of imagination to us children that the policeman who used to stand in our little town would one day venture to arrest us. Or that we could be forced to appear before the court and be condemned to prison. As children we had the feeling that our only authority was our father; above him stood the Governor of Bohemia, who happened to be his friend and cousin, Count Karl Coudenhove; and above him only the Emperor. All other authorities seemed not to concern us: neither police nor judges nor mayors. This may have been childish, but it was only a natural reaction to the fact that at the Corpus Christi procession our father followed immediately after the priest and that we followed him and behind us came all authorities of the city and of the district. We alone had a balcony in church; my father had the right to choose the priests for six of our neighboring parishes, for he contributed the funds for their churches. He also financed the convent, where nuns educated the young girls of the town, and several times a year he invited the authorities of the town, the priest, the judges, the teachers, to dinner—which invitations were never reciprocated. When the Bishop came to Ronsperg for Confirmation, he stayed at the Castle. There was no doubt that my father, although a private citizen, was the first man of his region.

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And my father liked it. Following out the celebrated quotation of Caesar, he preferred being first in importance in Ronsperg to being even second in Vienna. He was aware of his responsibilities, and he exercised his authority in the most human and patriarchal way. Everybody who was in need came to him to ask for help; and where he could, he gave. He found it natural to spend a great part of his income for the poor of the district—in the same spirit as an aunt of his was delighted every

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year to pay her taxes, for then she had an opportunity to show her gratitude to the state for everything it had done for her during the year.

But these social obligations only filled a little part of my father's activities. The main part of his time was devoted to the management of his estates, to his work as scholar and author, to the education of his children.

All his actions and teachings were extremely human, since he sought to teach us more by example than by discipline. He always told us that we should treat the governess as politely as if we had offended her the day before—because it was so hard for a young English or French lady to serve abroad as a governess. He always jumped to his feet when the youngest governess came into the room, and when I once asked him if it was true that handwriting was the key to human character, he answered promptly: "The key to the character of any man is his behavior to women."

My father was the first in the castle to rise in the morning, in summer at four and in winter at five. Then he took a cold bath, at all seasons of the year, did gymnastic exercises and took a run through the park. Then he started to work and continued throughout the day. In the evening he dressed in "white tie" and came to dinner exactly as if he expected the Prime Minister to be his guest. We all had to dress, since my father believed in the value of forms and found it wrong to honor his wife less than any guest of high rank. After dinner he was happy and gay. My father was a devout Catholic and went to Mass with us every Sunday. But at one point in every Good Friday service at the nearby church my father ostentatiously got up and left as a demonstration against a tradition which seemed to him a symptom of intolerance and of injustice. The prayer for all heathens and heretics was given and followed by a general bending of the knees. Then, at the end of this prayer, the priest would say, "Let us also pray for the perfidious Jews." At which nobody bowed. Against this practice, perpetuating religious anti-Semitism, my father protested every year. On that one day of the year, also, he did not smoke: as a passionate smoker he considered this sacrifice much greater than not eating or drinking—in spite of the fact that he also liked to eat and to drink.

After he had returned to Ronsperg, my father matriculated—at the age of 38—at the University of Prague. He concentrated on philosophy, ancient history, and Semitic philology; indeed, the only book that survived him was his study of anti-Semitism which I re-edited many years later. My father numbered no Jews among his ancestors and none among his close friends. He had even been an anti-Semite in the days of his experiences with the usurers. Yet this fair and broadminded man was irresistibly drawn to the problem of anti-Semitism, and obtained his degree of doctor of philosophy on his book, "The Essence of anti-Semitism," which analyses, from wide knowledge based on a rich literature and personal research in four continents, the history, elements and consequences of anti-Semitism and proves that "Semitic" or "Aryan" races do not exist and that, for two thousand years, anti-Judaism had been nothing but the result of religious fanaticism and intolerance. He hails the extraordinary and incomparable heroism the Jews have demonstrated in this long series of persecutions, and sets forth a two-fold solution of the Jewish problem: settling the Eastern Jews in a national home; and completing the assimilation of Western Jews as members of their respective nations, without sacrifice of their traditional religion. He warned that if Europe ignored this fair solution and if anti-Semitism went on as an instrument of fanaticism and demagogy, all Western civilization would one day be endangered by the result.

My father saw clearly the dangers of anti-Semitic demagogy, for at that very moment two large political parties in Austria were using anti-Semitic slogans: the Christian socialists and the pan-germanists. As Hitler confesses in "Mein Kampf," the leaders of these two parties inspired him to his future anti-Semitic campaign. So my father fought the very roots of future national-socialism, and thus brought me as a child in radical opposition to the ideas Hitler now stands for.

The last volume he published compared Catholicism and Protestantism in their tendencies and results. He believed that Protestantism had been more successful in all worldly matters, while the failure of Catholicism was due to its negative attitude toward worldly progress, adopting the attitude of Mary compared to that of Martha. This volume was but a chapter of a vast work he was preparing, and for which he collected material all his life. This work he considered as the essence of his life; it was to be named "The Realm of Abnegation" and deal with the common element of all religions, in Europe, Asia, Africa and pre-Spanish America: abnegation of the will and self-sacrifice. He followed closely the basic conceptions of Schopenhauer and believed that those who had overcome the will within themselves are able to produce miracles by dominating forces of nature beyond their bodies.

For this work my father had studied the lives of holy men of all religions, nations and times and had recognized their striking similarity. And while my father studied the problem of sainthood, his character turned always more toward this ideal. All his nature and instincts were heroic, and his natural religion was hero-worship. The influence of Oriental thought had become increasingly strong and directed him toward that ideal of the saint.

In the last years of his life, when he went to some town, he paid at least one visit to the home for incurables, to speak with them, encourage them, and so far as he could, to help. A Polish Ambassador who had been his friend told me that, when he met my father for the last time in Munich, they dined at one of the big hotels, and soon became aware that their waiter was inattentive, but instead of complaining my father asked what made him take his mind off his service. The waiter answered that his mother was very ill. After verifying the matter my father sent her medicines and money.

Some weeks before his death Heinrich Coudenhove-Kalergi wrote the preface for his last pamphlet on the main problems of Christianity, in which he gives us a short sketch of his life in Ronsperg and of its essential character: "Although I am now an old boy, not very far from my fiftieth birthday, I have remained what I always have been—a student. Only four years ago I passed my thirty-fourth examination, although I had meanwhile served the State eleven years, had myself partly instructed my children and personally administered large estates in Bohemia and in Hungary. But I always have studied and shall do so as long as I live. Dependent on nobody, blessed with earthly goods—nay, overwhelmed with them—I am able to indulge in the pleasure of literary activity for the sole purpose of serving the truth. I consider myself as a servant of those who seek the truth with unbiased and unprejudiced minds."

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Communications

THE SCHOOLS QUESTION IN ENGLAND

Syracuse, N. Y.

TO the Editors: Your "Inner Forum" of August 13 on "The Schools Question in England" brought back memories of my own early education and the religious issue as I knew it.

Your article was correct in its broad outline, but lacked the intimate knowledge that is essential for just interpretation. It misses completely the reason for the Nonconformist opposition to the act of 1902. Behind it was something far more practical than jealousy of the Established Church.

In England there were 8,000 communities in which the Anglican school was the only school. In many of these the population was overwhelmingly Nonconformist. They had agitated and worked for a generation to get a genuinely national system of education; to their astonishment the act of 1902 saddled them again with the pattern of educational management to which, as Nonconformists, they were bound to object.

Good Catholics would have done the same; but as a rule they were in the larger communities where they could send their children to the school of their choice.

It would be as fair and appropriate for Nonconformists to say of Catholics: "Had they come in with us."

ERNEST J. BOWDEN.

"THE YEAR OF DECISION"

Quebec, P. Q.

TO the Editors: This is traditionally the silly season, but that fact hardly excuses your review of Bernard DeVoto's "The Year of Decision." Your reviewer must have been suffering from heat prostration as well as the eyestrain which he admits by implication; for nothing else could excuse his callow and frivolous summary dismissal of one of the few books of the season that won't be so much waste paper a few years from now.

Mr. DeVoto is accused of poetic delusions about the nature of history and a lack of understanding of his materials, in addition to the cardinal fault of being unreadable. Your reviewer should be confined to judgments on the latest examples of the newspaper-between-book-covers school, if he finds Mr. DeVoto unreadable. He not only lacks the "courage" to read seriously, but also the very ability. And for all his vast superiority about "undigested facts," "pretentious theories," and "irrelevant poetic quotations"—and notably his charge that Mr. DeVoto does not understand "any of the material he uses"—it is abundantly evident to anyone familiar with those materials, as I happen in some measure to be, that your reviewer is completely ignorant of them. If he knew the fine confused jungle of Western historical writing and its even more confused sources, he would realize how triumphantly Mr. DeVoto has succeeded in putting chaos in order, in bringing out the pattern of significance which has become buried under an accumulation of pedantry, antiquarianism, and plain misinformation, and in making available to the common reader a reliable and useful picture of one of the most important periods in our national history. Since your reviewer lacks the most elementary knowledge of the subject and of its difficulties, and also seems to be devoid of literary judgment (perhaps this is merely a seasonal complaint, which will pass with the heat), it is not surprising that he should find Mr. DeVoto's highly suggestive quotations irrelevant. They are anything but that, just as the facts are anything but "undigested," and the theories anything but "pretentious." I greatly fear that your reviewer's courage was something less than "almost inhuman," and suggest that he might do well to read the book, with his mind as well as with his eyes—and perhaps in cooler weather.

The standard of American historical writing has been sinking steadily since the close of the last century, with the result that history has become the monopoly of specialists and a *terra incognita* to laymen. When a book like "The Year of Decision" does appear—sound history ably and brilliantly written in the great tradition for the general public—it is to be expected that magazines such as THE COMMONWEAL will give it serious consideration, rather than summary and ill-founded condemnation.

MASON WADE.

OUT OF DEBT, OUT OF DANGER

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editors: This communication is not intended as an adequate rejoinder to Congressman Voorhis's reply (August 13) to my review of his book (June 18). I merely wish to discuss briefly two points.

Despite his able defense of his book, I regret to say that I am still unconvinced that his main contention is sound: "At present the only way we can secure additions to our monetary supply, however badly needed they may be, is by increasing our national debt." I do not see that that is "the only way"; after the war our huge national income could readily provide sufficient tax receipts to prevent the national debt from increasing, and also to finance the necessary public works.

The second point has to do with an unintentional misrepresentation of my statement about the power of Congress to "coin money and regulate the value thereof." I admit, of course, and I am glad of it, that the Constitution *as interpreted by the Supreme Court* does give Congress the power to issue paper money and also to regulate its purchasing power. What I wanted to make clear was that the men who put this clause in the Constitution were not thinking of either of these powers. While the intention of the makers of the Constitution has always been regarded by the Court as providing one method of interpretation, it has not always been accepted to the exclusion of other methods. As early as 1816 in the famous Dartmouth College Case, the Court construed the word "contract" as including a college charter, although it was and is clear that the makers of the Constitution had nothing of the sort in their minds. So the decisions of the Court in 1866 and a few years ago with reference to the "Gold Clause" were not revolutionary in principle, and they were undoubtedly needed to adapt the Constitution to modern conditions.

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I confess that my observations in the review on this matter were directed not so much against what Congressman Voorhis says in his book as against many other writers who have appealed to this clause of the Constitution in an attempt to invoke the prestige of the Founding Fathers.

As a matter of fact, the intention of the Founding Fathers gives no support to the monetary theories of these writers. The construction happily put by the Supreme Court upon the clause in question does uphold the contention of Congressman Voorhis. JOHN A. RYAN.

SICILIAN LAUDS

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: There is nothing more salutary for the artisan than to be taken to task by the precision worker. My thanks to Professor Burnham.

EUPHEMIA VAN RENSSELAER WYATT.

The Stage & Screen

Chauve-Souris of 1943

TWENTY YEARS ago, when the Chauve-Souris was a novelty, New Yorkers made it a hit. Since then Russians dancing on their heels and wooing lovely faces presumably attached to bodies buried under mountains of colorful petticoats and dresses have been the New York trademarks of Russian life. Looking at today's Chauve-Souris, you will see that the period of Russian Shawls and Parades of the Wooden Soldier has come to an end. They now belong in the museum. You feel that you have seen them too often on too many vaudeville stages, silver screens and night club floors. You are likely to feel captious enough to complain because the lyrics are in Russian or some other unintelligible language.

This year's production of Chauve-Souris for some reason is villainously bad. Act I is supposed to contain twelve episodes. The whole of No. 9 and at least part of No. 12 were eliminated. A tap dancer was substituted for No. 9 and the audience liked him. When they insisted upon an encore the house lights appeared. This had the customary effect of killing the applause, but long afterwards the lights continued burning unpleasantly. This happened again on a later occasion.

In short, the Chauve-Souris of 1943 jerks along in an uncertain manner from beginning to end. It struck me as tedious vaudeville not very well managed, although some acts were pleasing to the eye and ear. The Wooden Soldier number was concluded by the abrupt introduction of what were supposed to be modern Red Soldiers in heroic poses. This was so incongruous that I found that I could think of them only as an R. H. Macy number complete with red stars. *(At the Royale.)*

Murder Without Crime

A WEAK MAN with money and charm thoroughly in love with his wife is currently carrying on with a light woman while his wife is experimenting with what it means to live apart from him. The imminent return of the wife makes it essential for the husband to dispose of the other woman. During an ensuing quarrel her death by accident appears to occur. The guilty lover hides the body in an ottoman on stage. The weakling's diabolical landlord, superbly played by Henry Daniell (the Von Ribbentrop of Mission to Moscow), searches out the deed by a skillful cat-mouse technique which raises tension to a high pitch, which is overstrained at times. It is unfair to tell the outcome, but I should say that "Murder Without Crime" is guaranteed to keep you guessing and to provide you with tingling and rather nauseating sensations.

It is expertly done throughout by only four players, who in addition to Mr. Daniell are Bretaigne Windust, Frances Tennehill and Viola Keats. *(At the Cort.)*

JAMES N. VAUGHAN.

The Sun Burns

THE MAKERS of "Hitler's Children," that sensational box-office success released earlier this year, now turn their probing cameras on Japan to learn how our other powerful enemy got itself into such a mess. Covering the Japanese problem presented many more difficulties than the situation in Germany where there was some Christian opposition to nazi paganism. But the producers of *"Behind the Rising Sun"* have on the whole handled their assignment well. Their main stumbling block was in reducing the many intricacies of Japanese customs and beliefs to fit into one movie. And their greatest mistake was trying to hit too many of the highlights.

Let it be said from the beginning that the film's cast, make-up, costumes and sets are excellent. This is the first of the war pictures to be laid in Japan, and Director Edward Dmytryck deserves credit for his success in guiding occidental actors through their difficult rôles, most of which are oriental. Emmet Lavery wrote a good original screenplay using fictitious characters to present and work out the problems; for factual material he based his script on the book by James R. Young.

The plot gets rather complicated at times mainly because it had to include so many side issues; and motivations were frequently slighted. This is the story of one Japanese young man whose degeneration might be considered typical. Taro (Tom Neal) returns to Japan after his graduation from Cornell, at the time of the 1936 uprisings. His father (J. Carrol Naish), a wealthy publisher and member of an influential family, becomes angry when Taro wants to work for O'Hara, an American engineer, and wants to marry Tama (Margo), a stenographer from a family of nobodies. In 1937, after Japan starts its undeclared war on China, Taro is drafted. Papa is pleased because he considers Japan the center of the universe and knows that the military clique now in power will put Japan in its "rightful" place and that Taro with his good Cornell engineering education will soon rise to a high position. He's right. Taro does rise, but anything he learned at Cornell besides engineering is soon forgotten and Taro goes all out for army and empire. By this time Papa has been made Minister of Propaganda; but when he sees what the Army has done to his son, he undergoes

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"This Is a Great Book"

That this is a great book must be established at the earliest possible moment . . . Some may feel that the title "This Man Was Ireland" makes an extravagant and wholly-untenable claim. I hasten to make one that may well seem even more extravagant: **This book—is Ireland . . .**

For upwards of a century now what is known as the Gaelic Renaissance has been literary history, but unfortunately most people have understood it, for all the world as though the fire of Christian faith lighted at Tara had never kindled **a culture which for centuries illumined not only Ireland but the whole of Europe . . .**

Ireland once was pagan and had a pagan culture. Colm was the embodiment of both cultures. It is a legend, but a tremendously symbolic legend which credits Colm with the recovery of the great epic of the Tain, lost to Bardic memory, but restored when the saint summoned from the grave the ancient king, Fergus MacRoy, that the story might be taken down from his long-silent tongue. Mr. Farren shows that **Colmcille, "archangel of men, God's dove," was of the same race as Fergus and Cuchulain and the other heroes of the Tain,** that Colm the poet and the defender of the poets at the famous assembly of Druim Ceat was of the same lineage as the ancient bards and the first tellers of the Red Branch epic.

In other words, Robert Farren is a master of the whole vast subject of Gaelic culture, upon which he has drawn to fashion a poem after the ancient bardic manner **that would have rejoiced the heart of Oisin and Dallan Forgaill and stirred the blood of both Finn and Colmcille . . .**

It has another quality of greatness; that is its form. These are not English meters. His genius has devised, as the vastly dissimilar genius of Mangan devised, an inspired vehicle for his inspiration, a pattern of English words that has all the fire and color, all the vigorous, pulsating life of the Gaelic without remotely suggesting a Gaelic model.

This is the kind of thing towards which poets of the hidden Ireland strove, poetry over which both O'Curry and Thomas Davis would have shed tears of joy, since it so clearly proves that "the eggs of eagles still make eagles."

—Quoted from a review by Blanche Mary Kelly in THE CATHOLIC WORLD, of Robert Farren's THIS MAN WAS IRELAND: The Song of Colmcille, Price $3.00.

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a change of heart. Now he fears that Japan may really win the war. Papa, furthermore, changes in his attitude toward Tama and is willing for his son to marry her. But Taro, completely degenerate, completely in the toils of the Army, is without honor. After Pearl Harbor he accuses Tama and his American friends of being spies. Taro is killed in action. Tama, believing she can help Japan after the war, refuses to escape to America. Papa, declaring that honor is the only thing left when all else is gone, prays: "Destroy us as we have destroyed others," and commits hari-kari.

This suicide in the finale, although perhaps consistent with Japanese character, is one of the picture's greatest weaknesses. We have come, by this time, to feel sympathetic toward Taro's father. Perhaps he, with the help of young people like Tama, could set Japan straight after the war. In any case, the film tosses off the problem of an elderly, intelligent, upper-class Japanese too easily by just letting him throw all worries aside and dispose of himself in the "honorable" way. The script must be praised, however, for portraying some of its Japanese characters as sincere people not under the spell of the brutal war lords.

The plot also involves some foreigners—three Americans, a Russian and a German. These are used mainly as symbols; perhaps even the incipient love affair between two of the Americans is indicative of something. And I suppose the film's biggest scene, the match between a Japanese wrestler and an American boxer (played by Robert Ryan) is to be considered as a symbol. This fight, lasting almost ten minutes, is the most brutal and needlessly long exhibition I have ever seen in films. The Jap, a big, powerful lug who indulges in the dirtiest kind of fighting, is finally beaten by the wiry, wily American.

In spite of the film's unsavory advertisements that are screaming at us to know the worst about the Japs, "Behind the Rising Sun" is not as sexy as I expected. We learn about Geisha girls, and girls being sold into slavery. We see the Chinese being maltreated and Chinese children being handed opium. But the most viciously barbaric scenes are those in which the three Americans are tortured. These scenes, unnecessarily prolonged and brutal, go beyond good taste in films and make me doubt their makers' sincerity. I am also suspicious of Tama's attitude toward America and the many inferences of nobility in American dealings with Japan. Strangely enough the work of our missionaries is hardly touched upon.

I suppose this film will have a large box office like its predecessor. Its advertising campaign is bound to attract many. I hope some of its audience see the picture as more than lurid melodrama, that they realize that Japan has a feudal society with an emperor who is considered akin to God and a select group of great families at the top of the heap. Although many of the lessons in "Behind the Rising Sun" could easily get lost in its sensationalism, one point successfully comes through and lingers: our greatest problem will come after the Japanese army is beaten, for it is then that their people will have to be re-educated and Americans will have an opportunity to prove their intentions and good will.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

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Editors' Choice

THE NEW EUROPE. *Bernard Newman. Macmillan.* $3.75.

AN AMERICAN DIARY. *Samuel Grafton. Doubleday.* $2.50.

THREE TIMES I BOW. *Carl Glick. Whittlesey.* $2.50.

Nations Have Frontiers

THERE are a great many sketch maps in this book on "The New Europe" and when we first looked at the maps we said here is someone who thinks he can tell the world just how it should be arranged and we said we are sorry for him because he thinks that when the war is won all the statesmen and the generals will sit down with a map of Europe and will trace his sketch maps onto the map of Europe and make the new Europe he has in mind. At first we were sorry for Mr. Bernard Newman who is—the publishers tell us—a "novelist, traveler and student of world affairs," and we thought he had designed another blueprint contradicing somebody else's blueprint, and there are shelves of blueprints, and are we going to read this book or are we not.

But then we looked at the end paper which shows Europe made up of groups of federated nations and this map was called the "New Europe" but it had a large ? (question mark) after the words New Europe. Since the characteristic of blue prints in their maker's mind is that they never are tentative, this struck us as unusual. And so we went on to the first chapter which is called "Approach to the Problem," where we found this remark: ". . . we must never assume that Germany must or can be destroyed."—which seemed to indicate that the author was not winging round empty space in a dream.

So we read the book; we are glad we read the book; we recommend the book. What Mr. Newman has done needed doing and he has done it excellently. He takes the frontiers between the nations of Europe and he tells what kind of people live on each side of these frontiers. He tells how the frontiers came to be where they are, what happened to them at the end of the last war, what happened to them when Hitler started talking about them, and when, later, he broke them down; what may reasonably be done about them when the Allied Nations and the subject peoples have won the right to set them up again. Mr. Newman, very justly, thinks that nations must be nations before they can or will desire to become associated nations in a federation of nations. He thinks that first steps must be taken first and that the peace conference this time will have to worry about frontiers just as it had to worry about frontiers last time. He thinks that Poland, for instance, and Czechoslovakia will insist in justice that the peace conference worry about frontiers. He thinks that there will be a resurgent nationalism after the war.

He knows that economic considerations are of immense importance, that the abolition of customs barriers would do a great deal to alleviate tension between nations but that nations will insist on demanding frontiers which shall not be the frontiers of injustice before they will accept any of the broader plans for the future.

And so this book is written to suggest possible frontiers, equitable frontier revision. It describes all the factors of history, race and custom, which will be in play when the time comes to determine the frontiers of each country in Europe. He is not afraid to advocate the transfer of

"THE COMMON BURDEN"

On exhorting others to repent: "Everything is ours, the burden of sin, the suffering of the world, the responsibility of facing it, the work of the world; (and ours too the glory of the saints, the graces of all the faithful, the ardors of the holy souls). We are all one, we cannot be 'neutral' and still be human; we are all one in Christ.

"There is no 'them' or 'they' for Christians. Christ's attitude cuts out all pharisaism, all isolation, all aloofness which dares to exhort others to repent. **If we see guilt, the guilt is ours, the duty of reparation is ours, the bearing of the burden is ours.** The present agony of the world is ours; if we are Christians we are bound to enter into it, to accept our responsibility for it, to share to the full the work of defending, healing, saving, through hard work, through true contrition, through deep humility, through service." *—Quoted from Caryll Houselander's book: THIS WAR IS THE PASSION. Price* $2.00.

The good Lord ought to be satisfied: "Surely it is evident in any of these houses that the productive home is the finest example of human co-operation. As they work, the baby is at its bottle in the crib alongside, a little girl is in the mother's lap and is regarding every stitch. . . . **'Fourteen,' I remark: 'that's a big family.' 'Yes,' she says, as joyous as spring. 'The good Lord ought to be satisfied with us for that.'** It is a new usage. The Psalmist says, 'Blessed is the man whose desire is satisfied with children,' and we know that the man's blessedness is that he can boldly 'meet the enemy at the gate.' But Madame Devaut has a new usage: the will or desire of the good God ought to be satisfied with the houseful of people produced by herself and Devaut." *—Quoted from Leo Ward's NOVA SCOTIA: Land of Co-operators. Price* $2.50.

They have an instinct for ownership: "So native to the heart of man and woman is it to have a home, and therefore a quiver-full of children that much money and all kinds of best-sellers have been but moderately successful against it. 'You can drive nature out with a pitchfork, but back she comes.' And just as the average man and woman have a homing instinct, **so have they an instinct for ownership;** or as some call it, a proprietary instinct.

"We must beware of judging this to be a selfish instinct in the average man. His instinct for ownership is not just an animal push for elbow-room, but a fine gesture of love for the wife and children of his life . . . **When the home and homestead have been re-established, the people have re-built the best school for teaching the best lesson, of self-sacrificing love.** It can never be repeated too often that the Family is the natural or primary co-operative unit. And there is no other. All the instincts for family co-operation, with its common life and common ways of life, are **natural and primary."**

—Quoted from Vincent McNabb's OLD PRINCIPLES AND THE NEW ORDER. Price $2.75.

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populations when there is no other way out. But always he is giving what he considers to be the facts, making what he thinks are sensible suggestions: he wants people to start thinking about the facts and the suggestions.

Apparently Mr. Newman has traveled everywhere, lived everywhere: his sympathies are not narrowly engaged anywhere. The book breathes an invigorating air of impartiality, not cold impartiality but sympathy impartially and naturally given to the many peoples of Europe. The minorities are not statistics but people with whom Mr. Newman has talked and whom he has understood. That is why we think his book is a very important one for Americans to read in war time. It makes Europe complicated but it makes Europe real.

Anger Becomes You So

WE APPROACHED "An American Diary" with a very leery expression on our face and a chip on our shoulder so large we looked like a lumberjack. We hadn't read his column in the New York *Post,* but we knew vaguely that Samuel Grafton was a violent de Gaullist, that he was conducting a one-man war against the State Department, and less vaguely that his "moronic little King" had crashed both the short wave lengths and the front pages with quite a resounding crash.

Without being a Giraudist, a Murphyite or a partisan of the House of Savoy, we were nevertheless prepared to dislike Mr. Grafton more than somewhat. But after we had read a little way into "An American Diary"—which is simply a reprint of the best of Mr. Grafton's column over the last four years—we actually found ourselves liking him more than somewhat. Put this down as a minor triumph for Mr. Grafton's lively style and the happy coincidence that his main prejudices—against Hitlerism, stuffed shirts, reactionaries, isolationists, etc.—agree pretty much with our own. And also it turned out that he could occasionally (but not very often or very much) be critical of communism. Which is always nice to know when picking one's friends.

There is no doubt about it: Mr. Grafton writes very well, with a fine New York bounce and bite to his words that is usually effective and often amusing. Take this: "This is the typical hand-wringing, yes-yes, no-no rhythm of democratic diplomacy which has always served Hitler; it strikes while the iron is tepid, with a busted bag of mush . . ." Or this: "Thus during wartime we sent two millions of the best American boys to France, but during peace we wouldn't take the risk of sending one middle-aged diplomat to Geneva." Very good. And it says something rather definite. In fact, Mr. Grafton is always saying something rather definite, and usually angry. If he is not angry with the State Department or Vichy or Hitler, he is furious about British imperialism or Munich or the military gents who refuse to open a second front.

Somewhere he says: "That is democracy for you, kicking itself in the face again." And after finishing the book, it occurred to us that one of democracy's most telling face-kickers is none other than Samuel Grafton. In fact, we got quite fed up with it finally and began to dislike him again. Somewhere else he says, "It is a question of style, style of thinking, style of execution." We decided that we didn't like Mr. Grafton's style of thinking and execution, as distinguished from his style of writing. He has some sound prejudices, but no, we're afraid he does more harm than good.

Let us explain. On the day after Pearl Harbor Mr. Grafton was mostly concerned with declaring war on the State Department, stating that "negotiations with Kurusu were negotiations with Hitler." This in spite of the fact that those negotiations merely consisted of telling Japan to get the hell out of China, that's all. Grafton is not only unjust, he is dishonest in his unreasoning hatred of the State Department. Thus, every shortsighted mistake of American foreign policy is blamed on Hull, Welles and Company, as though Congress, President Roosevelt and the American public were simply spectators standing around waiting for the State Department to determine policy.

Or let us consider Mr. Grafton's violent remarks about the French. As early as July 6, 1940, the tragedy of the Anglo-French naval battle at Oran calls forth from Grafton the following classic: "Now that France is fascist we must cheer the sinking of each French ship, and any and every disaster which comes to the present France, precisely as if these were mercies showered on Hitler's Germany." Even at that time Mr. Grafton had nothing but contempt and sarcasm for any Frenchman who took orders from the Vichy government. What does it matter if the French army had just been beaten to a pulp by the nazi *Wehrmacht?* What do we care if Russia and America showed no intention whatever of tangling with Hitler at that time or in the distant future? The bum can't hurt *us,* way back here in the last row of the gallery. Come on, France, ya lousy quitter, get back on your feet and fight!

Personally, we regard this kind of grandstand heroism as not only bad style, but worse. The same thing goes for the constant, raucous shouting for a second front. On October 27, 1941, six weeks before Pearl Harbor, Grafton has the naïve arrogance to write: "Lunch with a number of liberals and surprised at their lack of interest in a campaign to force England to start a second front in the West." For ourselves we yield to no man in eagerness to see a second front on the continent of Europe. Somehow, though, sitting safely and snugly here in New York with Mr. Grafton, we can't quite muster up the fine careless frenzy one must feel in order to insist that the young men of England and America—ready or not—must immediately storm that wall of fire, steel and death that waits for them across the English Channel. But there, if we had to be angry about something every day, week after week and year after year, perhaps it would come quite easy after a while. Probably we too would come to think less and less in terms of human beings, more and more in terms of labels and brave, resounding slogans.

What Confucius Say

IT IS surprising how much can be found out about Chinese civilization by becoming a denizen of the eight square blocks that comprise New York's Chinatown. Carl Glick began recording his experiences last year in "Shake Hands with the Dragon" and now has come up with "Three Times I Bow," which deals with one Lieutenant Kung of the US Army and all sorts of delightful happenings along Pell and Mott Streets, where tourists today go by subway. But his book is anything but a sight-seeing excursion to Chinatown.

One of the most charming things he found is Chinese time, which is so indefinite that if a Chinese-American should have only limited hours at his disposal, he designates

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his date with you at a certain o'clock, "American time." Then he is sure to arrive plumb on the dot. The idea of leisurely Chinese time serves as a healthy counterbalance to our own rushing hither and about. It goes back to the profound conviction that the happiest way to pass the hours is to stay at home surrounded by all you most cherish.

The author at times ventures into deeper waters, "The Confucian ideal is to be a superior man. And one of the surest approaches to that ideal is to be humble, live honorably, tell the truth and remain at peace with your neighbor by doing all you can to make him feel superior." Paralleling this is the saying of Lao-Tse, who is less known in the Western world outside of philosophical circles, but equally important, "To withdraw into obscurity is the way of Heaven." The Chinese cannot get away from being philosophical and they go straight Epicurean in advocating moderation in all things. The painting which adorns the wall of a Chinese home is philosophical in character and after its meaning has become fully clear to the owner by dint of his looking at it so often, it is replaced with another graphic comment on the meaning and poetry of life.

This is the sort of thing Carl Glick dishes up in the course of his wartime relations with Lieutenant Kung, who is a happily Chinese version of Private Hargrove. It all makes pleasant reading that does not lag. In the background there are plenty of pithy and provocative ideas. It seems too bad that so many Chinese ways of doing things are gradually going out of fashion along Mott and Pell Streets and in other American cities. But if we are half as successful as Mr. Glick in partaking of this wisdom of the centuries, the few Chinese we once allowed to join us here will make a real contribution to the general American way of life.

More Books of the Week

The Dialogue of Saint Catherine of Siena. Newman. (Westminster, Md.) $2.75.

LESS than two hundred years after it was written, Saint Catherine's "Dialogue" was translated into English by the chaplain of the Brigittine nuns for their "ghostely recreacyon"; it was entitled "The Orcharde of Syon" and printed in 1519 by Wynkyn de Worde, so it was not unknown to our English ancestors. In 1906, Algar Thorold made a fresh translation and published it in England. Now his translation, with his admirable introduction of 1906, is reprinted in the United States, a happy addition to a new series of Catholic classics.

Edmund Gardner wrote of the "Dialogue" that it "treats of the whole spiritual life of man in the form of a series of colloquies between the Eternal Father and the human soul (represented by Catherine herself)," and added that it is "the mystical counterpart in prose of Dante's 'Divina Commedia.'" Certainly, a reader familiar with the "Paradiso" will be struck by Catherine's having fused as Dante did the teachings of the Gospels and the Epistles of Saint Paul with all that could be culled from the Doctors of the Church: Jerome, Gregory, Augustine, Anselm, Aquinas. The explanation of the Atonement that she receives in her colloquy with the Eternal Father is exactly that given to Dante by Beatrice in the Seventh Canto, and, though neither Catherine nor Dante remarks the fact, is to be found in Saint Anselm's "Cur Deus homo." Just as the reader

TOMORROW

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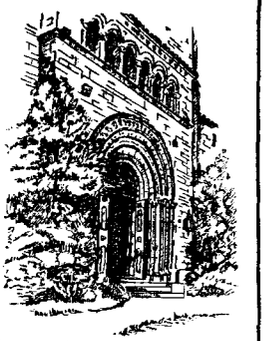

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of the "Divine Comedy" misses most of the gist of the work if unfamiliar with its background and the sources from which it draws, so a reader, unarmed with a knowledge of Catherine's life and ignorant of her charming spiritual letters, is entirely unprepared for the "Dialogue." One who opens this work, having recently studied an authoritative biography and Catherine's letters, will be so in accord with her as to read easily what might otherwise seem obscure, for here is the essence of her teaching on God's mercy, on humility, obedience and prayer; the very phrases recall her daily expressions, for she stresses here as elsewhere that the soul must "act manfully" and must never desert the "cell of self-knowledge."

The make-up of the present edition is remarkably good for war times. There is, however, an error in a date given on the jacket. The work was not composed in 1370, as there stated, but in 1378, when Catherine was spending a few quiet months in Siena after Pope Urban VI had made peace with Florence, and just at the beginning of the Great Western Schism. On the original manuscript is written: *"Qui finisce il libro fatto e composto per la Venerandissima Vergine, Caterina da Siena, del abito di Santo Domenico, sotto gli anni Domini* 1378, *nel mese d'ottobre. Amen."* DAISY MOSELEY.

Napoleon III. Albert Guérard. Harvard. $3.50.

THIS scholarly, well written and highly personal study is not a whitewashing of one of the popular whipping boys of modern history, in particular for old-fashioned liberals and professional republicans. Professor Guérard himself, he tells us in his interesting introduction, was brought up in the purest republican faith, and absorbed the Hugo-Kinglake-Gambetta tradition of Louis-Napoleon as a shady military adventurer of the type very familiar to us since the fall of France in 1940. A little later, he was impressed by the fact that no one ever approached Napoleon III—Queen Victoria, Francis-Joseph, Émile Ollivier, Louis Pasteur—without being won over by his profound and unaffected kindliness. Pasteur wrote in 1870 on the morrow of Sedan: "I shall always remember the *goodness* of the Emperor and Empress, and will remain to my dying day faithful to their memory. Despite the vain and stupid clamours of the street, and all the cowardly disloyalty of these latter days, the Emperor may confidently await the judgment of posterity. His reign will be considered one of the most glorious in our history."

Mr. Guérard dislikes the term "glorious" which Pasteur applies to the Second Empire, or rather he dislikes its probable connotations in the scientist's mind. If glory evokes a kind of phoney Bonapartism, the Grand Opera, the Haussmaniac boulevards, Offenbach, Paul de Kock, glistening uniforms, Eugénie hats, Mlle. Hortense Schneider and Miss Cora Pearl—the term is pathetically misleading. From that standpoint the Second Empire is only glorious because it is dead. The true glory of Louis-Napoleon, if not of his régime, was that he was profoundly devoted to the cause of the masses, the inarticulate, the humble, the forgotten. "Three forces," writes his biographer, "united in raising him to power: the Napoleonic Legend, the dread of disorder [recall that Sedan was at once followed by the Commune] and humanitarian democracy. All three were real, but the third was the deepest in French opinion, and in Louis-Napoleon's own soul." Catholics will remember, let us hope with some gratitude, that the little girl-saint, Bernadette of Lourdes, who more than any other has incarnated the message of the *Magnificat* in modern times, was protected by the Emperor and his consort against the narrow, bourgeois obstructionism of her own village.

He was blamed at the time and since for the foolish, disastrous war against "noble, patient and pious Prussia," as the good Carlyle called her, but the war was more the work of his cabinet and chamber than his own. Had France won, the Emperor's prestige would have been unsurpassed in Europe. France lost; and he was sent into the wilderness bearing upon him the sins of his people.

In a remarkable summary at the end of his distinguished book, Mr. Guérard states that the principle behind Louis-Napoleon's régime was *direct democracy*. It resembled far more the American system (as practiced at present) than British parliament-mongering, certainly than the fascist State. "It might be well for France, when she resumes the normal course of her destiny, to borrow her inspiration from the United States rather than from England. . . . And she would be fortunate indeed if she found again, under such a régime, a leader with the unfailing gentleness, the quiet intellectual courage, the profound generosity of Napoleon III." CUTHBERT WRIGHT.

China. Kwok Ying Fung. Photographs edited and arranged by Fritz Henle. Holt. $5.00.

MAGNIFICENT photographs of Chinese monuments, fields, people, with a descriptive and historical text. One regrets that toward the end of the book there should be pictures of Chinese aviators at school in America, of the Generalissimo, of Madame Chiang, because all aviators in a classroom look alike, because we have seen thousands of pictures of China's leaders, because they take up space—only a little space—when, already, no book could be made large enough to contain all the photographs we would like to see of the China these aviators, these leaders are struggling to save. Apart from this concession to propaganda necessities—apparent also in the text—these sensitive photographs form an exceptionally interesting collection.

Man's Unknown Ancestors. Raymond W. Murray. Bruce. $3.50.

THE title of this book is obviously a misnomer. Clearly it must and does deal with the known aspects of our ancestors, or better, precursors. True, we hardly have a speaking acquaintance with most of them, but such as we know them you will find readably presented by the author.

The text is well arranged and clearly written for the layman. Much of the anthropological and archeological field is portrayed, the American scene being emphasized. A great deal of extraneous but interesting tradition and imaginative hypothesis is included and for the most part evaluated wisely.

It is to be lamented that the author did not stop when he had written his effective story of prehistoric man. He did an excellent job. It was even harmless for him to throw in a couple of pages about the Irish and the discovery of America in modern times. But he should most assuredly have omitted all mention of religion versus science, for in his references he pictures things as theory would have them. In religion versus science the important question is not how things should work out; it is how they have worked out. In some cases even his

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theory is incomplete. For instance, he positively misrepresents the dilemma of Protestantism caused by science. He asserts that all Protestants until recent years interpreted the scientific references of the Bible literally. His reason, absurdly enough, is that the Protestants had no other source of information. Apparently when the author took some half-baked course in religion they forgot to explain to him that the very fact of Protestant insistence upon individual interpretation implied from the start that Protestantism did not sponsor a literal interpretation of the Bible. Science is universal; so why spoil this good bit of popular science by making it narrowly Catholic. J. MC A. KATER.

Outline History of the Church by Centuries. Joseph McSorley, C.S.P. Herder. $7.50.

FATHER McSORLEY has done a monumental piece of work in this volume, which runs to over a thousand pages. It covers a surprising amount of ground in very considerable detail. Its point of view is admirably fair, considering the brevity with which a book of this sort is forced to treat its various subjects. Interesting maps in colors are included, designed to make vivid various historical facts. A book not for continuous reading, except by students, but excellent for reference and thoroughly equipped with the mechanisms needed for such use, notably with a copious index.

Principles for Peace (Leo XIII to Pius XII). Edited by Harry C. Koenig. Bruce (for NCWC). $7.50.

SELECTIONS embodying peace principles from encyclicals, allocutions, letters, addresses and other public statements of the five most recent Popes. The introduction demands a place at the peace table after this war for at least a representative of the Sovereign Pontiff. Enough selections are included to provide imposing testimony as to each Pope's fatherly solicitude for the peoples of every nation and clime. A full subject index makes possible ready reference to practical applications by modern Pontiffs of the age-old Christian tradition of peace and brotherhood.

Centennial Summer. Albert E. Idell. Holt. $2.75.

PLEASANT, inconsequential period piece about Philadelphia in the 70's. A number of characters are labeled Catholics for no observable reason. Rather successful as an evocation of the vitality, customs and costumes of an earlier day.

Russia Fights. James E. Brown. Scribners. $2.50.

FRAGMENTARY impressions of Russia bound together in a personal narrative by a regular correspondent. Good as a lively study of an American's personal reactions to everything from a convoy battle in the North Atlantic to life in modern Persia. Otherwise rather uninformative.

CONTRIBUTORS

R. N. COUDENHOVE-KALERGI is the founder of the Pan-european Union and author of several books. The present article is an excerpt from his forthcoming autobiography, to be published in September by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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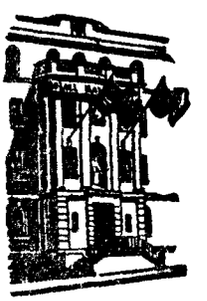

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